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Miscellany.

For the Christian Herald.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. SAMUEL WORCESTER, D. D.

HISTORY will ever give us the names of those whom this world denominate great. She has ever delighted to inscribe on her brazen pillars the names of those, who, while walking among the tombs of nations, or traversing kingdoms desolated by their own ambition, have been the themes on which orators and poets have exhausted their powers. From the time that Homer first touched his lyre, to the day in which we live, there have not been wanting men to bestow the most lavish of human praises upon those, whose only monuments of greatness were founded upon the groans and the miseries of their fellow men—while many a worthy name, never echoed by the trumpet of fame, has been permitted to sink into oblivion. But the day has now arrived when a life of active benevolence will find a memorial in the Christian biography.

The Rev. SAMUEL WORCESTER, the subject of these remarks, was a man who ever moved in a conspicuous sphere, and ever shone as a star of the first magnitude. Though, we trust, he is now above our eulogies, yet we may be permitted briefly to contemplate the character of that spirit, whose departure has so lately thrown a mantle of mourning over the American church. He was "born at Hollis, N. H. Nov. 1, 1771," of respectable parents. He lost his mother during his infancy, and with her, all those valuable instructions which it is the prerogative of a pious mother to bestow. He was designed by his father to assist him in managing a farm, but at the age of 16 the Holy Spirit is believed to have wrought a work of grace in his heart, and to have "separated him for the ministry." It was at this time that he met with that change of heart, without which we "cannot see the kingdom of God." At the age of twenty he entered Dartmouth College. His college life was highly honourable to himself as a scholar and a man. It was here that his vigorous reasoning powers and soundness of judgment were first brought into action. It was here it was first said of him, "an empire might rest on the judgment of WORCESTER without tottering!" Among his college companions he was ever very popular; yet he never stooped from the dignity of the Christian character for a phantom like this. He graduated in 1795 with the highest honours of college, and was soon after licensed to preach the gospel of Jesus. From this time till his death, a period of 26 years, he sustained the character of a settled minister. In 1797 he was ordained as a Pastor at Fitchburg, Mass., where

he continued five years. The remainder of his life, he was settled over the Tabernacle Church in Salem. Of his character as a settled minister little need be said; it is already extensively known. Placed over one of the most important churches in our land, he was ever found firm and faithful at his post, amidst all the trials and vicissitudes necessarily connected with a situation so responsible. Between him and his people, there ever existed the most endeared confidence. The aged loved and respected him as an aged brother, while the lambs of the flock looked up to their shepherd as to a superior being. In 1804 he was elected Professor of Theology in Dartmouth College, but a conscientious regard for his beloved church and people led him to decline the chair.

As a writer, Dr. WORCESTER deserves more than commendation; he deserves imitation. Always impressed with the ideas he wished to convey to others, his language was strong, and manly, and nervous. Sometimes, indeed, he would rise, as if the channel was too narrow to contain its waters, and then he approached sublimity itself. He never wove into his compositions the most glaring ornaments of rhetoric. His writings, like their fountain, are a pure and deep stream, which may bear on its bosom that which may benefit mankind, though it may not please like the beauty of a cascade. The number of sermons which he published was certainly great; and they were ever received with eagerness. Their purity and elegance of language, their greatness of thought, and the fervent piety which they breathed, could not fail to render them acceptable; and, had he written no more, his sermon entitled, "Paul on Mars Hill," would have rendered his name immortal. Few, it is believed, excelled the subject of these remarks in the field of controversy. Within a few years the number of those in N. England who deny "the Lord that bought them," had so increased, that it was thought advisable to come out decidedly on the side of truth, and WORCESTER took the field as a champion of the faith. So bold was his attack, that his enemies shrunk from before him; and if ever they dared to aim at him one shaft, it was from behind a covert. With a heart pure and upright—with a judgment clear and discriminating, he wielded the club of Hercules, and shook the "bars of the enemy's castle with the strength of a giant." He gained for himself the reputation of being the first controversial writer of the day. Though he often saw his opponents vanquished, yet he never triumphed. He never suffered his pen to be guided by feeling, nor did he ever "dip it in gall." He stood and fought manfully for the faith once delivered to the saints, and the pillars of Unitarianism trembled beneath his blows.

An estimate of his worth as a counsellor, may be formed from the numerous demands that were made for his assistance in times of peculiar difficulty. At a time when churches are broken and divided, they naturally look around for a man whose enlightened and impartial judgment, and whose ardent love for the churches of Christ, would lead him to adjust with care and meekness all impending difficulties, and to heal once more the breaches in the walls of Zion. Such a man was Dr. WORCESTER. Many are the now flourishing but once broken churches, who need no other memento of his worth, but the grateful remembrance of his tender though faithful labours in restoring them to peace and harmony. The Education and Domestic Missionary Societies ever relied upon him as one of their firmest pillars. These sacred institutions ever lay near his

heart. Indeed, there was scarcely a wheel in motion, whose revolution was designed to meliorate the condition of man, to which he did not lend his assistance.

But the character of Dr. WORCESTER appears most interesting, as it stands related to the cause of foreign missions. Twelve years ago, and the sun rose on the American church sleeping in ignorance over the state of the heathen world ; but a star now arose, which has increased, and which we trust will continue to increase in brightness, till all the "dark places of the earth" are illumined. The Board of Foreign Missions now sprung up like a tree of life, expanding its branches and offering its fruits to the ends of the earth. And the name of WORCESTER will ever be revered as the man who was foremost in laying the foundations of a structure so magnificent. In 1810 he was elected to one of the highest offices to which christian suffrages could raise him—Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Missions. Here a field was opened suited to his benevolence. He saw a "world lying in wickedness," and his benevolence could be bounded only by the limits of a world. He entered into the holy cause of missions with his whole soul ; and it is believed the effects of his prayers and labours will be felt not only till these heavens and this earth shall have passed away, but till time and earth shall be forgotten.

No one who is unacquainted with the cares and anxieties of overseeing so many missionary stations, can form any correct idea of the duties of the Secretary of the Board of Missions. The number of plans to be formed and weighed,—the number of letters to be written, and all the intricate business of this complicated machinery was enough to have crushed the spirit of an ordinary man. But from the duties of this station, he was never known to shrink. He stood as a guide to direct more than one hundred missionaries as they left their homes—he watched with anxiety, and beheld the standard of the cross erected in about seventy different stations,—and his full bosom beat with joy at the name of every heathen converted to Jesus. To preach the gospel of Christ either by his own mouth, or by the mouths of others, constituted the great business of life, to which he lent his every effort, and in which he exhausted every power of his frail and dying body.

He shone no less conspicuously in private than in public life. In his deportment he was grave without gloominess, and dignified without stiffness. He was ever greeted with a smile of joy by every circle in which he moved. His friends will long remember the pleasures they derived from his society ; nor is there a spot in his character that can ever be soiled by the breath of calumny. There are doubtless many who would bitterly oppose the tenets which he so ably defended ; yet it is thought he had not a private enemy on earth. None dared impeach—none suspect his integrity. Dr. WORCESTER was a man of prayer. Feeling the great responsibilities which rested upon him, he ever sought the direction of God to guide him. And often, while lying on his pillow, devising plans for the enlargement of the Redeemer's church on earth, would he raise his thoughts to Heaven and hold communion with his Maker. No one can say how many hearts have been warmed by his prayers, or how many poor heathen will have occasion for ever to rejoice, that the prayers of this good man were answered for their salvation.

The great day of account can only tell the gems in WORCESTER'S crown.

We can follow this good man through but one more scene—and that perhaps the most interesting of all. The many cares which devolved upon him had so worn upon his health, that it was thought a long journey would be the only remedy to save him from the grave. Accordingly, the last December, with a calm resignation, he gave his weeping friends a farewell hand, and commenced his journey by sailing for New-Orleans. After enduring many severe privations and trials, we next find him exhausted and sick, traversing our Western wilderness. The arms of the beloved Missionaries received their dying father, as he arrived at Brainerd, the first Missionary establishment by the Board of Missions in this country. The wan countenance of the dying saint did, indeed, damp the joy of the missionaries, as they received their patron and friend at a mission ever fostered by his care. Here, amidst a circle of weeping missionaries, whose bosoms beat with emotions too big for utterance, and a large assembly of children lately gathered from the darkness of heathenism, all bending their knees and raising their united hearts to Heaven for the life of their father and friend, his pure spirit took its flight, and left his mouldering tenement to be bedewed by their tears. He died on the 5th of May, in the 61st year of his age.

The ashes of WORCESTER! they sleep at Brainerd; there shall the fainting missionary go, and at his tomb rekindle those fires in his bosom, which shall carry him onward rejoicing. And there, too, shall the enlightened savage shed the artless tear over the dust of him, who was foremost in sending the gospel to his nation. He was a man—he was a frail man, like others—but,

“He was a man, take him for all in all,
“We shall not look upon his like again.”

We trust his soul is enjoying the rewards of his labours on earth, while the christian church, and the sons of the forest, may strew around his tomb the memorials of their affection and their grief.

Y. C.

For the Christian Herald.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

IN one of our little villages which stands on the seashore, there lately lived a widow and her little son, a lad of about ten years of age. She had formerly seen better days. Her husband was a respectable sea-captain, and supported his family in ease and affluence. But amidst his own and the hopes of his family, he was lost at sea, and his property shared the same fate. The widow had two little sons, one of six years old, and the other, above mentioned, then an infant. She retired from the circle in which she had so long moved with esteem, and purchased a neat little cottage, which stands by the water's side. Here she brought up her little boys, and early endeavoured to lead them “in the way they should go.” She felt herself to be a pilgrim below, and taught her sons that this world was never designed for our home.

In this manner this little family lived, retired, beloved, and respected.

The mother would often lead her children on the hard sandy beach, just as the setting sun was tipping the smooth blue waters with his last yellow tints. She would then tell them of their father who was gone, and with her finger would often write his name upon the sand, and as the next wave obliterated every trace of the writing, would tell them that the hopes and joys of this world are equally transient. When the eldest son had arrived at the age of twelve, he was seized with an incurable desire of going to sea. He had heard sailors talk of their voyages, of visiting other climes, and other countries, and his imagination threw before him a thousand pleasures, could he also visit them. The remonstrances and entreaties of a tender parent, and an affectionate little brother, were all in vain. He at length wrung a reluctant consent from his mother, and, receiving from her a Bible, a mother's blessing and prayers, he embarked on board a large brig. He promised his mother, as he gave a last parting hand, that he would daily read his Bible, and as often commit himself to God in prayer. A few tears and a few sighs escaped him, as he saw the last blue tints of his native land fade from his sight—for there were the cottage of his mother, and all the joys of his childhood; but all was novelty around him, and he soon forgot these pangs, amidst other cares, and other scenes. For some time he remembered his promise to his mother, and daily read his Bible: but the sneers of the wicked crew recalled his mind from reviewing the instructions of his pious mother, and placed his Bible in the bottom of his chest, to slumber with his conscience. During a severe storm, indeed, when it seemed as if destruction was yawning to receive every soul on board, he thought of his mother—his home—and his promises—and, in the anguish of his heart, resolved to amend, should his life be spared. But when the storm had subsided, the seas were smooth, and the clear sun brought joy and gladness over the great waters, he forgot all his promises, and it now seemed as if the last throb of conscience was stifled. No one of the crew could be more profane—no one more ready to scoff at that religion, which in his childhood and innocence he had been taught to love and revere.

After an absence of several years this youth found himself once more drawing near his native land. He had traversed the globe over, but during all this time he had neither written to his mother, nor heard from her. Though he had thrown off restraint and blunted the finer feelings of his nature, yet his bosom thrilled with pleasure at the thought of once more meeting his parent and brother. It was in the fall of the year he returned; and, on a lovely eve in September, walked towards his long deserted home. Those only are acquainted with the pleasures of the country, who have spent their early days in rural retirement. As the young sailor drew near the spot where he spent his early days—as he ascended the last sloping hill which hid from his sight the little stage on which he had acted the first scenes in the drama of life, his memory recalled to his mind all the scenes of his “happier days,” while fancy whispered deceitfully that hours equally agreeable would again be realized. He now saw the rising hills over which he had so often roamed—the grove through which he had so often wandered while it echoed with the music of the feathered tribe—the gentle stream on whose banks he had so often sported—and the rising spire of the temple of Jehovah—all tended to excite the most interesting sensations. He drew near the

cottage of his mother, and found all was stillness. Nothing was to be heard save the gentlest murmurs of the unruffled waves, or the distant barking of a village dog. A solemnity seemed to be breathed around him, and, as he rapt at his mother's door, his heart misgave him, though he knew not why. He knocked, but no one bid him enter. He called—but no answer was returned save the echo of his own voice. It seemed like knocking at the door of a tomb. The nearest neighbour, hearing the noise came, and found the youth sitting and sobbing on the steps of the door. "Where," cried he with eagerness, "where is my mother, and my brother?—O, I hope they are not"—"If," said the stranger, "you inquire for widow —, I can only pity you. I have known her but a short time; but she was the *best* woman I ever knew. Her little boy died of a fever about a year ago, and, in consequence of fatigue in taking care of him, and anxiety for a long absent son at sea, the good widow herself was buried yesterday." "O heavens!" cried the youth, "have I staid only long enough to kill my mother! Wretch that I am—show me the grave—I have a dagger in my bundle—let me die with my mother—my poor broken-hearted parent!" "Hold, friend," said the astonished neighbour; "if you are this woman's eldest son, I have a letter for you, which she wrote a few days before she died, and desired you might receive it should you ever return."

They both turned from the cottage, and went to the house of the neighbour. A light being produced, the young man threw down his bundle and hat, and read the following short letter, while his manly cheeks were covered with tears:—

"My Dearest, only Son,—When this reaches you I shall be no more. Your little brother has gone before me, and I cannot but hope and believe he was prepared. I had fondly hoped I should have once more seen you on the shores of mortality, but this hope is now relinquished. I have followed you by my prayers through all your wanderings. Often, while you little suspected it, even in the dark cold nights of winter, have I knelt for my lost son. There is but one thing which gives me pain at dying; and that is, my dear William, that I must leave you in this wicked world, as I fear, unreconciled to your Maker! I am too low to say more. My glass is run. As you visit the sods which cover my dust, O remember, that you too soon must follow. Farewell—the last breath of your mother will be spent in praying for you—that we may meet above."

The young man's heart was melted on reading these few words from the parent whom he so tenderly loved: and I will only add, that this letter was the means in the hands of God of bringing this youth to a saving knowledge of the truth "as it is in Jesus;" that he is now a very respectable and pious man; and that we may learn from Scripture, and from daily experience, that "*praying breath*" shall never be spent in vain.

T.

TABLE TALK.

To the Editor of the Christian Herald.

SIR—To those of your readers who are interested in the prosperity of the church, the following remarks on revivals of religion, may not be uninteresting. They contain the substance of a conversation at a family breakfast table, around which I recently had the pleasure of sitting. If they are founded in truth, they speak a lesson of momentous importance to every Christian. C.

Christians have prayed heretofore for revivals of religion; doubtless have expected them: but they have expected too, that these would be succeeded by seasons of declension, and one might almost say they had laboured to promote them. Strange as this may appear, does it not seem to be the fact? After a shower of divine grace, the Christian begins to doubt whether the good work will long continue; he recollects that revivals are usually of short duration, and he fears that his petitions embrace too much, while he asks for the continuance of this best of blessings: and his opinion is confirmed by finding that *now*, only here and there *one* is awakened from his sleep of moral death, and led to inquire, 'What must I do to be saved.'

With this sentiment resting on his mind, he relaxes his exertions—he withdraws in some considerable degree from a throne of grace, and becomes less observant of his own *feelings*, and *thoughts*, and *actions*.

Under such circumstances, why should not revivals cease? The Holy Spirit was withdrawn for a season to test the faith of the believer, and what was the result? He tremblingly concluded that, at least for a season, he had finished his work—that he had done all that fell within the compass of his exertion towards gathering in the Lord's chosen, and that therefore he must be content. A *reverse* of feeling he supposes would be ingratitude; little realizing that the grace of God exceeds the largest desires of His children, and that if they would continue to ask in faith and love, he would continue to bless and save. Can we wonder that this *cold* and *calculating* religion chases from our habitations and our homes the Holy Spirit? He is not sought; and as the *sinner* is waiting God's time to be saved, so the *Christian*, in something of the same unbelieving frame of mind, is waiting God's time for the return of divine influence.

Let the Christian reader pause, and ask himself if he does not justly fall under censure by the above remarks. Let Christian Societies pause. What if a voice from Heaven should proclaim concerning *this* and *that* church, "he could there do no mighty works because of their unbelief?" Oh, what multitudes would be filled with amazement, and yet it is this *same* unbelief that so often stands as a partition wall between the Christian and his God; the same that bars the Holy Spirit from the family, the church and the world.

CITY AFFAIRS.—APPLICATION OF THE LOCAL SYSTEM.

To the Editor of the Christian Herald.

SIR—It was with no ordinary pleasure I heard of the adoption of the Local System in visiting Bancker-street, feeling confident that no other human means can possibly be effectual for the enlightening of that dark

region, and having proved by experience, in other parts of the city *equally wretched*, that the system is a truly blessed one. In order to show the present benefit that may arise from the visits of Christians to the abodes of vice and misery, allow me to give you an extract from the Report of one of our Sub-Committees last Sabbath week.

"I visited the house of Mr. F——, in L—— street, this morning, at 8 o'clock; I had frequently called on this family, and knew the man to be much addicted to liquor, and of a savage disposition.

"I met his wife at the door, near which was standing a Portuguese, swearing most terribly at the poor woman for having accused him of stealing some money from her husband, who was then lying in bed in another room, much intoxicated. I tried to pacify him, but in vain; in a few minutes the drunken man was roused by the noise from his stupor, and rose from his bed, threatening to murder the other. I rushed into the bed-room, held him fast, and called to the persons living in the house to take the other down stairs. Such diabolical fury appeared to possess the minds of those two men, that I really think murder would have ensued had I not interfered. Finding it impossible to tranquillize them by *talking*, I took a tract from my pocket, and began to read aloud. After the first few lines they ceased to rage, then listened, approached nearer to me, and before I had finished the first page, the most violent of them laid his head on my shoulder; and as I turned and looked at him, I saw a tear drop from his eye. The tract was remarkably applicable to the scene. Perceiving that I had accomplished my end, and had gained their silent attention, I put up the tract, and spoke to them of the enormity of their conduct. They seemed humbled, and, after spending nearly an hour with them, left them, promising to call in the afternoon. At 5 o'clock I went again, and found the whole family in confusion. Mr. F. was again in liquor, and had tied up his clothes to leave his wife and children. I reasoned and entreated in vain. At last I called him aside, and whispering in his ear, asked him if I should pray with him and his family before he left them. 'Oh no, no,' answered he, 'go away, you had better go away.' I was determined not to be easily repulsed, and continued to urge my request, until he took off his hat, and kneeled down with his wife and the other man. During the time of prayer I heard a person weeping, and the agitation appeared to increase until I had finished. When I rose, I found the distressed person was a young woman living in an adjoining apartment, who had been for three weeks in great distress of mind respecting the salvation of her soul; and hearing I was with Mr. F.'s family, concluded that some religious exercises were going on, and came to join. My dear friends, if our visits have done *nothing more* than to prevent the dreadful scene that, in all probability, would have been witnessed there this day, *they have done enough*."

I make no comments on this occurrence, my dear Sir, and would only mention, that the mother of the young woman appears to be earnestly seeking the Lord. These things show that Christians should go into the streets and lanes of the city.

Oct. 2, 1821.

Respectfully yours,
A VISITER.

For the Christian Herald.

THE BOX OPENED, OR FIVE HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

THE public have been informed that a *leaden box*, containing medallions, coins, books, newspapers, &c. has been formally deposited in one of the four pillars, just erected at the great gateway of the Park in this city—deposited as a LEGACY to a DISTANT POSTERITY. Sublime and solemn act! How many ages may roll away before those solid pillars, tottering by the hand of time, shall be removed, and the *legacy* be found!

When all our present citizens have long—long been buried in the earth; when all that is now great or honourable of our population shall be lost in the night of antiquity; when our never-dying spirits shall have been long happy in heaven or wretched in hell; when the city of New-York, long a “city of the Lord,” shall overspread the Island of Manhattan, and the millions of her population shall be of one heart and one mind; when the Bible shall be the dearest treasure of every individual, and the voice of prayer and praise, and the sacrifice of obedience shall ascend from every house; when “her people shall be all righteous,” her “walls salvation, and her gates praise;” when the eye, surveying the crowds up and down our present Broadway, shall not see *one* who is not a friend and brother in Jesus Christ; when her thousand temples shall be filled with devout and joyful worshippers, and her Sabbaths be a heaven below:—

When the forests of the West, subdued by the hand of Christian industry, shall have become a fruitful field, and an English and Christian people shall spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific—from Mexico to Labrador; when from a million temples, shall ascend the joyful homage of the American church “in spirit and in truth;” when the gospel shall have been preached in all nations, and received by all nations; when war shall have ceased under the mild reign of the PRINCE OF PEACE, and “every knee shall bow and every tongue confess”—when

“One song employs all nations, and all cry,
‘Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us:—’”

When the church, having perhaps for centuries embraced the whole earth, remembers no more the *reproach of her widowhood*;—when the tradition of a sinful age has ceased, and only on the page of history can be learnt, the folly, and vice, and impiety of ancient times:—

THEN, since ruin is inscribed upon the strongest monuments; since massy columns cannot stand for ever—THEN, if itself survive the wreck of time, will this long unknown memorial of ancient days be discovered by a generation so remote that they cannot trace back their line of ancestry to us; be inherited by a new and holy population:—a memorial of the arts and sciences, the heroes and statesmen, not only, but of customs and follies, and vices, which have long passed from the memory and tradition of men. Methinks, as the men of other times shall cluster around the spot where these pillars stand, and listen to some venerable and holy sage, while he describes the manners of the Ancients from their bequeathed memorials, that regret, and shame, and astonishment will awhile trouble every bosom. “*There*,” he may say, “stood the Theatre, where the

mouldered dead, as says the page of ancient story, trifled their short lives away, met the votaries of vice, and drowned their souls in perdition. Yonder stood the Debtor's Prison;—yonder the Bridewell—receptacle of crime:—there stands the ancient Hall of justice, now the seat of mercy. *Here*, on the Park, met and mingled on many a day of dissipation the vicious and profane. All along down Broadway were the lottery offices, the idler's hope, the country's ruinous tax. There poured an unceasing tide of dress, and fashion, and parade—of vanity and pride. Gain was the people's god. Strong locks and bars guarded every house, and were trafficked in every street.—Drunkenness was an article of commerce, was bought and sold in every block—the buyer's and the seller's ruin. The sword and spear, the musket and the cannon, which history describes as weapons of murderous warfare, and as beaten centuries ago into ploughshares and pruning hooks, were sold in enormous quantities, and stored in mighty Magazines." Here he will hold up to the wondering crowd, a decaying spear and sword; the rusty relics of ancient murder. "Even *here*, often poured the parade of soldiery; here roared the thunder of arms, in mimic warfare, while music, made for heaven's praise, pealed insultingly in martial strains to Heaven. In all the earth pride and ambition filled the minds of men, and even tarnished the purity of Believers. The daily news revealed thefts, and contentions, and murders, from the cottage to the throne; and piracies and man-stealing, and nation warring against nation." Awful exhibitions of antiquity to men whose hearts are love; when lust and hate and war are known no more, but lie forgotten like the barbarous rites of our own *heathen* ancestry.

Yet they will dwell upon whatever of great and good they find in the Memorial. When all that this world admires has ceased to be admired, the record of the Bible Society will consecrate the Daily Advertiser, which transmits the most glorious of all our institutions to the admiration of a distant posterity:—THE BIBLE SOCIETY, which sends down a stream of mercy, swelling as it flows, turning the desert into a fruitful field, the wilderness into a garden of the Lord.

It was an oversight, in sending down the doings of our age to a posterity, who will love the Bible and the Saviour, not to add the religious publications of our city:—The Christian Herald, the Christian Journal, the Methodist Magazine and the Missionary Register, little known indeed to our present generation, but worthy to transmit along with Memorials of our Arts and Sciences, our Follies and our Vices, the general efforts which are making to bring to pass among all nations, the dominion of the Saviour of the world. Then might the assembled crowd which I imagine gathered around the ancient dilapidated pillars at the Park, see that even in our *iron* age, there was a *little* of the fear of God, of the love of Jesus, of the faith of good things to come.

Such an assembly our eyes never saw. An assembly of which the present dwellers of our city are unworthy to be the ancestry. What emotions of holy gratitude would fill their souls, while looking back upon sinful antiquity! And, assembled on a spot once the arena of folly and sin, would they not spontaneously pour forth a song of praise to the Giver of all good. The writer of this article is far too feeble in genius, too low in holy feeling to conceive the strain. He can conceive thousands

of voices, from ground once polluted, would send up to Heaven a song of praise, in a far higher, holier, more heavenly strain than this—

MILLENNIAL HYMN.

Oh blessed day, when all is love !
When sense and sin prevail no more ;
When men, as Angels do above,
Obey, enjoy, behold, adore.

Christ is our King, He reigns below,
We yield ourselves to thee alone :
Redeem'd from sin, redeem'd from wo,
We cleave entirely to thy throne.

In all our streets they love thy name ;
To thee, in every house they bow ;
A thousand temples sound thy praise,
Our Sabbaths, are a Heaven below.

The sword, the spear, the wrath and pride,
The battle field, the victor's mirth,
A country's joy at groans and death,
Are known no more, in all the earth.

The locks and bars are all removed
Throughout our city family ;
The Prisons now are known no more ;
There's nought but Christian Harmony.

The tribes of men are all the Lord's ;
Earth is his wide and fair abode ;
The sun in all his daily course
Shines only on the Sons of God.

Intelligence.

FRANCE.—CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS.

THE exertions which have been made within a few years past, to disseminate the Scriptures in France, and to establish schools for mutual instruction, have disclosed many highly interesting facts relative to the state of numerous tribes of Protestants scattered over the surface of that country.

The *French Religious Publications* which we have received from Paris, since our last number was issued, furnish many articles of intelligence, from which we shall make, from time to time, such translations as are suited to our work.

FROM THE "ARCHIVES DU CHRISTIANISME."

Translated for the Christian Herald.

In 1820 the protestant congregation of Hamer, near Iserlohn, in Westphalia, were obliged to abandon the old church, and erect a new one. The catholic congregation in the same place, offered their church for as long a time as was necessary for the completion of the new house of worship. The offer was gratefully received, and such arrangements were made, that the two sects could celebrate their worship without disturbing one another. At the consecration of the new church, the solemnities commenced by the farewell made by the protestant congregation to the catholic church. The curate of this church, and the protestant clergyman being together present at the altar, the latter returned the catholic congregation his thanks for the fraternal service that had been rendered to him, while the former replied in the name of his parishioners, that they had done no more than fulfil a duty prescribed them by the gospel, and they had no doubt that the protestant brethren would not hesitate in rendering them the like favour. He still further remarked, that in consequence of this union, the members of the two sects having frequently had occasion to assist each other in their worship, they ought to be formed on juster ideas of their reciprocal belief, and that thus they had learnt, mutually to render justice, to esteem and love each other. The two communities then, preceeded by their pastors, went in procession to the new church, where the inauguration was celebrated by

the superintendent and the Dean of the protestant ministers, in presence of the Assessor of the Reformed Synod of the Canton. The ceremony was completed by a collection, for the purchase of an organ, of which the new church was yet destitute.

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THE PIOUS MOUNTAINEERS.

From the Ecangelical Magazine.

Chateau de Bellevue, pres Paris, July 1st, 1821.

DEAR SIR,—The circumstances which I have simply and faithfully narrated, happened to one of my intimate friends resident in Paris. A considerable diminution of interest must result from a translation of the idiomatic and forcible phraseology of the French departments into the ordinary medium of British conversation; but I have thought it not uninteresting to your readers to know, that while the Pagan world is prepared to receive the Gospel, God, without any visible agency, is also disposing the Continent of Europe, and especially this once enlightened country, to welcome the free and faithful proclamation of his grace. I could record similar facts in the Departments du Nord, pas de Calais, Vaucluse, and Pyrennées, &c.

Yours, most truly,

MARK WILKS.

M. ———, a merchant at the head of one of the first commercial houses in Paris, had lately occasion to visit the manufactories established in the mountainous tracts of the Departments of the Loire and of the Puy de Dôme. The road that conducted him back to Lyons traversed a country rich in natural productions, and glowing with all the charms of an advanced and promising Spring. The nearer view was unusually diversified, not only by the fantastic forms of mountains, the uncertain course of small and tributary streams, and the varying hues of fields of pasture, corn, vines, and vegetables, but by the combinations and contrasts of nature and of art, and the occupations of rural and commercial industry. Factories and furnaces were seen rising amidst barns and *bergeries*—peasants were digging and ploughs gliding, amidst forges and foundries of fire-arms—verdant slopes and graceful clumps were scattered amidst the black and ugly mouths of exhausted coal-pits, and the gentle murmur of the rill was subdued by the loud rattle of the loom. Sometimes M. ———, and his friend, halted amidst all that is delightful and soothing; and, after a short advance, found themselves amidst barrenness, deformity, and confusion. The remoter scenery was not less impressive. Behind them were the ragged mountains of Puy de Dôme; the lofty Tavaré lifted its majestic head beside them, and far before appeared the brilliant summit of Mont Blanc.

Though engaged in great mercantile enterprises, and returning from a visit which was to give employment to hundreds of families in the districts he was about to quit, M. ——— felt powerfully the effects of the objects that pressed upon his sight; his thoughts were abstracted from the immediate end of his journey, and he was insensibly disposed for serious contemplation and religious sentiment.

In this state of mind he arrived at the skirts of a hamlet, placed on the declivity of a mountain; and being desirous of finding a shorter and more retired track, he stopped at a little house to inquire the way.

From the windows, several females were watching the movements of a little child ; and, just as M. ——— inquired for a road across the mountains, the infant was in danger of being crushed by a coal-cart which had entered the street. The cries and alarms of the females were met by the activity of the travellers, and the companion of M. ——— set off to snatch the infant from danger, and place him in security. An elderly female, from the second story, gave M. ———, who was still on his horse, the directions he desired ; and, at the same time, expressed her uneasiness that the gentleman should have had the trouble to seek the child. “Madam, (interrupted M. ———,) my friend is only performing his duty ; we ought to do to another as we would that another should do to us ; and, in this wretched world, we are bound to assist each other. You are kind enough to direct us travellers in the right road, and surely the least we can do is to rescue your child from danger. The holy scriptures teach us these duties, and the Gospel presents us the example of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, when we were in ignorance and danger, came to our world to seek and to save that which was lost.” “Ah ! Sir, (replied the good woman,) you are very condescending, and what you say is very true ; but your language surprises me : it is so many years since in this village we have heard such truths, and especially from the lips of a stranger.” “Madam, (resumed M. ———,) we are all strangers here, and sojourners bound to eternity ; there is but one road, one guide, one Saviour, who can conduct us safely ; if we feel this, young or old, rich or poor, we are all one in Christ ; and, however scattered on earth, shall all arrive at the heavenly city, to which he is gone to prepare mansions for us.” “These doctrines, Sir, (exclaimed the female,) support the hearts of many of us, who have scarcely travelled beyond our own commune ; and it is so rare and so delightful to hear them from others, that, if it will not be an abuse of your Christian politeness, I would request you to alight, and to visit my humble apartment.” “I shall comply most cheerfully with your request, (replied M. ———,) for though time is precious, I shall be thankful to spend a few minutes in these mountains, among those with whom I hope to dwell for ever on Mount Zion.” My friend M. ——— mounted to the second story, followed by his companion. He found the female with whom he had conversed, surrounded by her daughters and her grand daughters, all busily employed in five looms, filled with galloons and ribbons, destined for the capital and the most distant cities of the world. The good widow was between 60 and 70 years of age ; her appearance was neat and clean ; and all the arrangements of her apartment, bespoke industry, frugality, and piety. “Ah ! Sir, (she exclaimed, as M. ——— entered,) how happy am I to receive such a visiter !” “Madam, (replied M. ———,) I am not worthy to enter under this roof.” “Why, Sir, (exclaimed the widow,) you talked to us of Jesus Christ, and—” “Yes, Madam ; but I am a poor guilty sinner, and hope only for salvation through the cross. I was yesterday at St. ———, where they were planting a cross with great ceremony ; were you there ?” “No, Sir ; for it is of little use to erect crosses in the streets, if we do not carry the cross in our hearts, and are not crucified to the world. But, Sir, if you will not be offended, may I ask what you are called ?” M. ———, pretending to give a general sense to the French phraseology, answered, “My name, Madam, is ———.” “Thank you, Sir, I shall not forget ; but this is not what I

meant : I wished to know whether you are Protestant or Catholic, a pastor or a priest ?” “Madam, I have not the honour to be either ; I am a merchant ; I desire to be a Christian, and to have no other title but a disciple of Christ.” “That is exactly as we are here, Sir, (exclaimed the good widow, and added,) but, as you are so frank, are you, Sir, Catholic or Protestant ?” “Catholic,” replied M. ———. Madam looked confused, and observed, “that it was rare for the Catholics to talk as her visiter had done.” “I am a Catholic, (resumed M. ———,) but not a member of the *Roman* Catholic Church. I love all that love our Lord Jesus in sincerity. I do not ask in what fold they feed, so that they are guided and nourished by the Good Shepherd and Bishop of souls.” “O what a favour the Lord has granted us to meet with a Christian like ourselves, (said the affected widow, looking round her,) we desire to live in charity with all mankind. But, to be frank also, Sir, we do not go to mass, nor to confession, nor yet to church ; for we do not learn from our Testament, which indeed is almost worn out, that we are required to confess to sinners like ourselves, nor to worship the host, nor to perform penance for the salvation of our souls ; and, we believe, we can serve God as acceptably on a mountain, or in a chamber, or in a cave, as in the finest church.” “I confess, Madam, in my turn, (said M. ———,) that I am exceedingly astonished to find such persons on such a spot ; pray how many may there be of your sentiments ?” “Here, Sir, and scattered over the mountains, there are from 3 to 400. We meet on the Sunday evenings, and as often as we can, to pray to Jesus, to read the Testament, and to converse about the salvation of our souls. We are so much persecuted by the clergy, that we cannot appear as publicly as we wish. We are called *beguines* and fools ; but we can bear this, and, I hope, a great deal more, for Him who has suffered so much for us.”

While the conversation, of which this is a sketch, transpired, the rooms had filled ; the neighbours had been informed and introduced, at the request of the worthy hostess ; and as many as could quit their occupations, pressed to hear of the things of the kingdom of God. M. ——— desired to see the New Testament. It was presented. The titlepage was gone, the leaves were almost worn to shreds by the hard fingers of the weavers and labourers, and M. ——— could not discover the edition. A female, of respectable appearance, approached M. ———, and said, “Sir, for several years I have sought every where a New Testament, and I have offered any price for one, in all the neighbouring communes, but in vain. Could you, Sir, possibly procure me a copy, I will gladly pay you any sum you demand—” “Madam, I will not only procure you *one*, (replied M. ———, eagerly,) but in forty-eight hours I will send you half a dozen.” “Is it possible ? (exclaimed the astonished villagers,) May we, Sir, believe the good news ? May we rely on your promise ? It appears too great, too good—we will pay for them now, Sir, if you please.” “You may depend on receiving them, (said M. ———,) if God prolongs my life. But I entreat you to do me the favour to accept them, as a proof of my Christian regard, and an expression of my gratitude, for having been permitted to enjoy, in this unpromising spot, the refreshing company of the followers of Christ.” The conversation then turned on the value of the sacred volume, and the sinfulness of those who withheld it from perishing and dejected sinners. After

some time, the hostess interrupted the chain, by demanding, "Pray, Sir, can you tell us if any thing extraordinary is passing in the world? We are shut out from all intercourse; but we have an impression that God is commencing a great work in the earth, and that wonderful events are coming to pass." "Great events have taken place, and news is arriving every day, (said M. ———,) from all parts of the world, of the progress of the Gospel, and the fulfilments of the promises of the Holy Scriptures." He then gave to his attentive and enraptured auditory, an outline of the moral changes accomplished by the diffusion of the Bible, the labours of Missionaries, and the establishment of schools; but only such an outline as was suited to their general ignorance of the state of what is called the religious world. And when he had concluded, they all joined in the prayer—Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is done in heaven.

Anxious as was M. ——— to pursue his journey, he devoted three hours to this interview. He exhorted them to receive and practise only what they found in the scriptures; to cleave to the Lord with full purpose of heart, and promised to use his influence to obtain for them a pastor, who should feed them with knowledge and understanding. The termination of this extraordinary meeting was procrastinated and affecting; tears of pleasure, gratitude, and regret, streamed from the eyes of the mountaineers and the traveller; though more deeply moved by having seen the grace of God, than by all the scenes through which he had passed, he went on his way rejoicing, and, following the directions of the good widow, arrived at the town of S——. In this town he had commercial relations with the principal inhabitants and authorities, and under the impression of all he had witnessed, he inquired, as if with the curiosity of a traveller, the name of the hamlet he had passed on the mountain, and the nature of the employment and the character of its inhabitants. The men, said the mayor, work in the mines, drive the teams, and labour in the fields; and the women and children weave. They are a very curious people, *outrés illumines*, but the most honest work people of the country—probity itself. We have no occasion to weigh our silk, either when we give it out or take it in, for we are sure not to lose the value of an obole. And the kindest creatures in the world; they will take their shirts off their backs to give to any one in distress. Indeed, there is no wretchedness among them; for, though poor, they are industrious, temperate, charitable, and always assist each other; but touch them on their religion, and they are almost idiots. They never go to mass, nor confession; in fact they are not Christians, though the most worthy people in the world,—and so droll. Imagine those poor people, after working all the week, instead of enjoying the Sunday, and going to fêtes and balls to amuse themselves, they meet in each other's houses, and sometimes in the mountains, to read some book, and pray, and sing hymns. They are very clever work people, but they pass their Sundays and holidays stupidly enough. This testimony, so honourable to his new acquaintance, was confirmed to M. ——— from several quarters; and he learnt from others what he had not been told by themselves, that besides their honesty and charity, so great is their zeal that they flock from the different hamlets, and meet in the mountains in cold and bad weather at 8 or 9 o'clock at night, to avoid the interruption of their priestly enemies, and to sing and pray.

These accounts were not calculated to lessen the interest excited in the breast of M. —, and immediately on his arrival at Lyons, he despatched six copies of the New Testament, and some copies of a tract entitled, "*Les deux vieillards*," written by M. Nolan of Geneva. Shortly after his return to Paris, M. — received, through one of his correspondents of Lyons, a letter from the excellent widow with whom he had conversed from the window of the second story. The modesty, dignity, and piety of the composition, has induced me to subjoin a literal translation, not only to evince the influence of true religion, but to satisfy the reader, that in this narration no exaggerated statement has been made of the characters of the mountaineers of St. —.

"Sir, I have the honour to write you, to assure you of my very humble respects, and at the same time to acknowledge the reception of the six copies of the New Testament, which you had the goodness and the generosity to send us. My family, myself, and my neighbours, know not how adequately to express our sincere gratitude; for we have nothing in the world so precious as that sacred volume, which is the best food of our souls, and our certain guide to the heavenly Jerusalem.

"As we believe and are assured that the Spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ could alone have inspired you with the desire to distribute the Sacred Scriptures to those who are disposed to make a holy use of them, we hope and believe that the Divine Saviour will be himself your recompense; and that he will give to you, as well as to all of us, the grace to understand, and to seek a part in his second coming; for this ought to be our only and constant desire in the times of darkness and tribulation in which we live.

"It is with this view, Sir, that I entreat you to have the goodness to send six more copies of the sacred volume for several of my friends, who are delighted, not only with the beauty of the type, but especially with the purity of the edition; for it is sufficient to see the name of Monsieur le Maître de Sacey, to be assured that this edition is strictly conformable to the sacred text. Sir, as the persons who have charged me to entreat you to send six more copies of the New Testament would be sorry to abuse your generosity, they also charge me to say, that if you accomplish their wishes, as your truly Christian kindness induces them to hope, and will mark the price on the books, they shall feel it to be a pleasure and a duty to remit you the amount when I acknowledge the arrival of the parcel. Could you also add six copies of the little tract, entitled, '*Les Deux Vieillards*.'

"I entreat you, Sir, to excuse the liberty I have taken, and to believe that, while life remains, I am, in the Spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ,

Your very humble servant,

The Widow —."

M. — hastened to gratify and exceed the wishes expressed in this letter. Instead of six copies, twenty copies of the New Testament were now presented to the widow and her friends, and a dozen instead of six of the *Deux Vieillards*. The parcel was enlarged with copies of the Archives du Christianisme, The Report of the Bible Society of Paris, The History of Missions, lately published by M. Gaussin, of Sartigny, the French edition of the Report of the London Missionary Society, Dr. Bogue's Essay on the New Testament, The Young Cottager, of which a French edition has been published, at the expense of a young

gentleman of Paris, The Sermons of Nardin, which I have reprinted, The Dairyman's Daughter, the French translation, published in London, my *last* copy, and also my *only* remaining copy of Doddridge's Rise and Progress, in French. We wait for their correspondence, to inform us of the impression produced by the arrival of such an unexpected supply. Among those who may read this account, I hope there may be some who will resolve that we shall not want funds to reprint, immediately, a large edition of Doddridge, of the Dairyman's Daughter, and other books and tracts, which are exceedingly wanted, thankfully received, and extensively useful.

ENGLAND.—JEWS SOCIETY.

THE following extracts from the Thirteenth Report of the London Society for promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, will no doubt be read with much pleasure, and are calculated to excite a holy zeal and fervent prayer for the salvation of Israel.

Domestic Proceedings.

The Committee first noticed the *accession of strength* which the Society had received during the past year, within the *United Kingdom*. In England, several new Auxiliary Associations have been formed, and those previously established, have continued to aid the Parent Society with the most effectual support, and, in some cases, with augmented contributions. The Ladies' Association have raised considerable sums by the *sale of work*, the fruits of their industry and ingenuity. In this way not less than 932*l.* was obtained by three Associations. The Rev. L. Way, and others, had frequent opportunities of pleading the cause of the Society from many pulpits in the West and North of England.

Funds.

Through the blessing of God on these exertions of its Auxiliaries in the United Kingdom, the total amount of contributions to the Society for the last year is 9873*l.* 1*s.* 5*d.* being an increase of 925*l.* 12*s.* 4*d.* on that of the preceding year.

Schools.

There are at present under the Society's care forty-one Boys, and forty-eight Girls; eight Boys and six Girls have been admitted during the year: six Boys and four Girls have been placed out in service or apprenticeship. The building for the Girls' School has been completed, and your Committee trust that the advantages which were anticipated from having the Schools near the Episcopal Chapel, will soon be realized, as the Girls will inhabit the building in about a month.

In connexion with the Schools, your Committee are induced to mention the following circumstance, as stated in the Jewish Expositor:—

"A Jewess, the widowed mother of some children in the Schools of the Society, who has been in the habit of attending on the Sabbath at the Episcopal Jews' Chapel, was not long since afflicted with a severe illness. She was visited by the Chaplain and the Rev. Mr. Solomon, and being apparently near her end, she solemnly professed her faith in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and the only Saviour of sinners, and earnestly requested to be baptised. After several visits and much serious

examination, there appeared to be no reason to doubt her sincerity, and the ordinance of baptism was accordingly administered to her in the presence of her children. She afterwards took an affectionate leave of them, and gave them much good advice, which showed that she felt a deep interest in their spiritual welfare. It has pleased God, however, contrary to the expectation of her friends, to restore her to comparative health again, and she is now a communicant at the Lord's table at the Episcopal Chapel."

Your Committee have more than once expressed their earnest desire for the establishment of a

Seminary for the Instruction of Missionaries to the Jews, and they have much satisfaction in stating, that this object has at length been attained.

A zealous friend of the cause having offered the use of a house, in a convenient situation, free of expense, for the purpose, the Committee thankfully accepted it, and proceeded to look out for a proper Tutor to superintend the Institution. At the recommendation of the Hon. and Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, and the Rev. Mr. Biddulph of Bristol, the Rev. Edwin Jacob, M. A. Scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, was appointed to that situation, at a special General Committee, held at the Society house on the 17th of January last. Four Missionary students, already under the care of the Society, were admitted into the Seminary (according to one of its rules) on probation for six months. They were addressed on the occasion in a very impressive manner on the duties and difficulties of Missionary preparation by the Rev. Professor Lee of Cambridge.

Two more students, who have been for some time under the care of the Rev. Mr. Jaenicke, at Berlin, will shortly be added to their number.

It is intended, that no students shall be admitted into the Seminary, but young men of competent talents and acknowledged piety, of which sufficient testimonials will always be required. It is further purposed, that while Biblical knowledge shall be the basis of instruction, and a due attention shall be paid to the points at issue between Jews and Christians, the pupils shall learn the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and such modern languages, as may be necessary to qualify them for their respective destinations.

Your Committee will next advert to the

Publications

which have been sent forth by the Society since the last Anniversary. Having received many gratifying assurances from their correspondents both at home and abroad of the utility of the *Tracts and Cards* which have been published by the Society, they have printed and distributed nearly 250,000 of these, in the Hebrew, German Hebrew, German and English languages.

The completion of an edition of the *New Testament in German Hebrew* was announced in the last Report. Of this, 3,780 copies have since been circulated, together with 3,180 copies of the *New Testament in Biblical Hebrew*. In all, 6,960. Besides these, 200 copies of the Hebrew Prophets, 1000 of the Epistle to the Hebrews, in Biblical Hebrew,

and 406 of the Gospels in German Hebrew, have been put into circulation. To this we may add, that an edition of the Psalms and Prophets in the German Hebrew, is now in the press, preparatory to a complete edition of the Old Testament in that language.

(To be continued.)

WESTERN ASIA.—PALESTINE MISSION.

American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

(Continued from p. 77.)

IN our third number we noticed the return of Messrs. Fisk and Parsons from a short tour into *Asia Minor*, and the distribution they had made of Bibles and Tracts. From the 21st of November, the time of their return to Smyrna, they remained at that place "making arrangements with respect to further plans of benevolence connected with" the mission. Under date of December 4, they write from Smyrna to the Corresponding Secretary:—

The distribution of Bibles and religious tracts must, for a season, be our grand method of doing good in Turkey. In this respect a wide and effectual door of usefulness is opened. Precious opportunities occur almost every day to admonish and instruct immortal souls, by distributing the invaluable truths of the Gospel. We wish the work to continue, till no one shall cry in vain for the bread of life. But as there is no person in Smyrna, or in this section of the country, to superintend the publication of tracts, or to appoint agents and supply them with Bibles, it became a question, whether the great interests of the church could not be more extensively advanced by different arrangements, from those we had contemplated, with regard to our personal labour.

We endeavoured to ask counsel of God; and while the question was under consideration, the British chapel was opened for us to preach upon the Sabbath; and the use of the chaplain's rooms, without expense, together with many other privileges, were offered. In view of these circumstances, it was thought best that brother Fisk should remain in Smyrna for a season, and that brother Parsons should proceed by the first opportunity to Jerusalem. We might both remain till spring in this place, were it not for the fact, that the season between Christmas and Easter is by far more valuable than any other, to distribute, extensively, the word of God in the Holy City. Pilgrims from almost every section of the globe, during this time, flock to Jerusalem to visit the holy places, and to observe their religious institutions. In this way, Jerusalem may be a centre of Christian benevolence; and, by prudent measures, the Bible may be sent to people of every language and nation. There is a Greek vessel in this port, bound for Jaffa with pilgrims. Brother Parsons has engaged his passage, and expects to sail to-morrow. It is expected that the vessel will touch at Scio, Rhodes and Cyprus, which may be favourable to the distribution of religious tracts. He takes with him the Scriptures in nine different languages, together with 4 or 5,000 tracts, for gratuitous distribution. The reflection comforts us, that we are not alone. The prayers of thousands will ascend to heaven for a blessing upon every Bible and tract which we distribute. Again we beseech our Christian friends, that they strive together with us in their prayers to God for us, that we may be delivered from those who do not believe in Judea, and that the service which we have for Jerusalem may be accepted of the saints.

Extract from a letter of the Rev. Pliny Fisk, to the Rev. Sereno E. Dwight, of Boston.

Smyrna, May 4, 1821.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

HAVING lately returned from a tour to the ruins of Ephesus, I have thought it might possibly afford you some gratification to receive a detailed account of this little excursion. I set out on Monday, April 9th, in company with Mr. George Perkins of Smyrna, and Messrs. Thomas and Joseph Langdon of Boston. With four attendants, viz. a Turkish Janizary, an Armenian, and two Greeks, we left

Smyrna at 4 o'clock P. M., went out by the Caravan Bridge, on the east side of the town, and then turned to the south, leaving Bujah on our left, and, a little while afterwards, Sediciu on our right. At 6 we passed a coffee-house nearly east of Sediciu. At half past 7, after travelling a short distance over a rough road, we came to another coffee-house, where were several armed Turks. They came out and demanded money; whether as a sort of toll for passing the road, or on some other pretext, we did not stop to inquire. The value of ten or twelve cents satisfied them, and we went on. At 9 we put up for the night at another coffee-house, standing on the south side of a rivulet; the place is called Trianda or Terrenda. About midnight, some Turks came after horses for a Pasha, who is now travelling through the country. One of our attendants heard them say, "These Franks have a Janizary with them, we cannot get their horses." Upon this, they went in pursuit of others.

The next morning at 5, we resumed our journey. At 7 we passed another coffee-house, and near it we met the Pasha's men, who came after our horses. They had found six or eight horses, and were taking them, while several women, probably the wives of the men who owned the horses, were running and crying after them. This they continued to do for about an hour; but, finding it of no avail, they gave up the pursuit, and returned.

When a Pasha travels through the country, (an occurrence which is by no means rare,) he is usually accompanied by some hundred attendants, who receive from him no other compensation than the privilege of living on the people of the country through which they pass, or the city in which they may happen to be quartered. As they move, they take horses wherever they can find them, ride them a few days, until they find fresh ones, and then send the first ones back. The poor peasants, instead of expecting any reward for the use of their horses, or for the provisions, &c. which are taken from them, have only to be grateful that no more is taken.

At 9 o'clock, after having passed a large valley with hills at a great distance on both sides, and a pond of water on our left, we stopped for breakfast at a coffee-house called *Jellet*. We had passed in sight of one small collection of huts on our left, and two on our right. Large flocks of cattle, sheep and goats, were seen in different directions. A little past ten we set forwards towards *Ephesus*, and soon came to a branch of the Cayster, and rode along the west side of a fertile valley at the foot of Mount *Gallesus*. On an elevated summit is an old castle, called the castle of the goats; probably because so many of those animals are seen feeding in its vicinity. A little past one we crossed the Cayster, over a good stone bridge, in which were pieces of wrought marble, evidently taken from some ancient edifice. The passage of the bridge was rendered safe by firm side walls; a thing I do not recollect to have seen before in this country. There is a fall of water at the bridge, and the place is occupied for a mill. At two, we reached *Aiasaluck*, in 12 hours ride from Smyrna. Strabo says, that Ephesus was 320 stadia, i.e. 40 miles south of Smyrna. You will perceive that our journey corresponded well with this statement. We found at Aiasaluck three English gentlemen, who had been travelling in Egypt and Syria, and were now on their way to Smyrna. The only coffee-house in the place furnished lodgings for us all. Its walls were of stone and mud; its roof was thatched with grass and straw, and almost filled with swallow's nests. The establishment consists of two apartments, one for travellers, the other for their horses: the only passage to the stable leads through the centre of the bar-room, or dining-room, or whatever it may be called. Before the coffee-house is a Sarcophagus with an inscription on it, now almost entirely illegible. Beyond the Sarcophagus is a mosque. The ruins of several Turkish baths are in sight. Around the coffee-house are a few miserable huts, which constitute the village of Aiasaluck.

We went to the church of St. John, at the foot of the hill on the west. It was probably built by the Greek Christians who settled at Aiasaluck when Ephesus was destroyed. When the Mahomedans took possession of the country, this, like many other churches, was converted into a mosque. It is now entirely deserted, without doors, windows, roof, or floor. It is divided into four apartments. One embraces half the building, and seems to have been the churchyard. In this yard some large trees are standing. The other three apartments are nearly equal; and rank weeds are now growing undisturbed where Christians first, and afterwards Mahomedans, offered their prayers. In the church are some immensely large pillars of granite, said to have been taken from the temple of Diana, having thus served successively in a Pagan, a Christian and a Mahomedan place of worship.

At 7 o'clock on Wednesday morning we mounted our horses, and leaving the sarcophagus and the old mosque on our right, rode to Mount Prion, and then sent

our horses back, and set out on foot to survey the ruins of Ephesus. The ground was covered with high grass or grain, and a very heavy dew rendered the walking rather unpleasant. On the east side of the hill we found nothing worthy of notice; no appearance of having been occupied for buildings. On the north side was the Circus or stadium. Its length from east to west is 40 rods, or one stadium. The north or lower side was supported by arches, which still remain. The area where the races used to be performed is now a field of wheat. At the west end was the gate. The walls adjoining it are still standing, and of considerable height and strength. North of the stadium, and separated only by a street, is a large square enclosed with fallen walls, and filled with the ruins of various edifices. A street running north and south divides this square in the centre. West of the stadium is an elevation of ground, level on the top, with an immense pedestal in the centre of it. What building stood there it is not easy to say. Between this and the stadium was a street passing from the great plain north of Ephesus into the midst of the city.

I found on the plains of Ephesus some Greek peasants, men and women, employed in pulling up tares and weeds from the wheat. It reminded me of Matt. xiii. 28. I addressed them in Romain, but found they understood very little of it, as they usually answered me in Turkish. I ascertained, however, that they all belonged to villages at a distance, and came there to labour. Not one of them could read, but they said, there were priests and a schoolmaster in the village to which they belonged, who could read. I gave them some tracts, which they promised to give to their priests and schoolmaster. Tournefort says, that when he was at Ephesus there were thirty or forty Greek families there. Chandler found only ten or twelve individuals. Now no human being lives in Ephesus; and in Aiasaluck, which may be considered as Ephesus under another name, though not on precisely the same spot of ground, there are merely a few miserable Turkish huts. "The candlestick is removed out of his place." "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people."

While wandering among the ruins, it was impossible not to think, with deep interest, of the events which have transpired on this spot. Here has been displayed, from time to time, all the skill of the architect, the musician, the tragedian and the orator. Here some of the most splendid works of man have been seen in all their glory, and here the event has shown their transitory nature. How interesting would it be to stand among these walls, and have before the mind a full view of the history of Ephesus from its first foundation till now! We might observe the idolatrous and impure rites, and the cruel and bloody sports of pagans, succeeded by the preaching, the prayers, the holy and peaceable lives of the first Christians—these Christians martyred, but their religion still triumphing—pagan rites and pagan sports abolished, and the simple worship of Christ instituted in their room. We might see the city conquered and reconquered, destroyed and rebuilt, till finally Christianity, arts, learning and prosperity, all vanish before the pestiferous breath of "the only people whose sole occupation has been to destroy."

The plain of Ephesus is now very unhealthy, owing to the fogs and mist which almost continually rest upon it. The land, however, is rich, and the surrounding country is both fertile and healthy. The adjacent hills would furnish many delightful situations for villages, if the difficulties were removed which are thrown in the way by a despotic government, oppressive Agas, and wandering banditti.

At 2 o'clock, P. M. we set out for Smyrna. At 10 we put up for the night at the same coffee-house where we slept on our way down. The English travellers, having left Ephesus in the morning, had also put up there. Both companies, with all our attendants, and some Turks, who also lodged there, made a total of between 20 and 30 men. The tavern consisted of but one room, with no floor, but mats spread on the ground, no bed, table or chair. Such are the accommodations usually afforded at the country taverns in Asia Minor. As to food and drink, the only article furnished is coffee, made in the Turkish style, very thick, without sugar or milk.

At 6 o'clock on Thursday morning we resumed our journey, in company with the English gentlemen, and about 10 we entered Smyrna from the south, by the way of the Jewish burying ground. We had left town, on our departure, with some apprehensions that a disturbance might take place, as there were accounts of a rebellion in Moldavia; and as a difficulty already existed, in consequence of the Turkish guard having insulted and abused the officers of a French ship of war now in port. We therefore approached Smyrna with solicitude. But before entering town we met Mr. Vanlennep, who told us all was quiet. We had, however, scarcely entered the part of the town where the Turks reside, when, on a sudden, we saw the

people around us in motion, and in a very few minutes the street was filled with armed Turks. It was impossible to learn the cause of this sudden movement. In answer to our inquiries, one Turk told us, that the Greeks had rebelled, and were all in arms. Another said the Franks (i. e. the Europeans) had taken arms against the Turks. A third said, they were going to attack the French ship of war. We could not learn the truth, and were not a little alarmed. Flight was impossible, and resistance would be utterly in vain, in case of danger. We were entirely in the hands of the Turks, and if there had been in fact any rebellion or war, it is impossible to say what might have befallen us. Mustapha, our Janizary, took us immediately to the head quarters of the regiment of Janizaries to which he belonged, and we remained there under the guard of several Janizaries till all became quiet, and we then pursued our way to Frank-street. On reaching our lodgings, we learned that a report reached town this morning from Constantinople, that a large army of Moldavians, under the prince Ipsilante, was marching against the Turks. Soon after this report was circulated, a man very innocently fired off a gun on his terrace. This was believed an alarm gun, and the Turks instantly flew to arms without knowing why, and the Greeks, panic struck, betook themselves as fast as possible to the boats and vessels in the harbour. Happily no blood was shed.

I carried with me the word of God in Turkish and in Greek, but found no body to receive the precious treasure. Possibly the tracts which I gave to the peasants on the plains of Ephesus may not be wholly lost.

The present rebellion on the part of the Greeks, will probably prevent my doing much among them for some time. I should not think it prudent to travel much, or to circulate books among the Greeks very extensively, till these troubles are over. Mean time I shall be employed; and I trust, not unprofitably. As to the printing press, &c. I shall write more fully to Mr. Evarts and Mr. Tappan. I hope God designs to make us a blessing to Western Asia.

My health is good, and I love my work more and more.

I am your affectionate brother,

PLINY FISK.

UNITED STATES.—AMERICAN EDUCATION SOCIETY.

THOUGH an infant of days, it is the largest in the world. It is more than four times as large as any other. It is now supporting *two hundred beneficiaries*, and has supported, during the short period of its existence, more than two hundred and fifty. It is neither *local* nor *sectarian*; for it supports youth of five different denominations, in twelve different colleges, and in many more academies, and in at least eleven different States.

With the greatest care and scrutiny, it requires, indigence, piety, and talents, in all who receive its charity. To make this provision of its constitution more effectual it receives none who have not been studying the languages, at least three months; nor does it receive *them*, without the fullest testimonials, from their instructor, and other respectable gentlemen, concerning each of the above very important particulars; nor does it receive them without a full and satisfactory examination before the two directors, or before the three senior officers of some of the colleges.

Being thus guarded against imposition, it has, as might be expected, such young men to receive its sacred charities as the constitution requires. They do possess piety and talents as far as men can determine. The following testimonials, extracted from official letters, received by the Directors from the officers of the colleges, will afford satisfactory evidence on this point.

From Bowdoin College.—“The influence of pious students is felt by the whole college. We know not what would be the state of things if this was suspended. But recollecting the state of things, when a solitary individual broke the deep silence with his prayers, we have reason to think it would be very great. Some of the pious students are most distinguished as scholars. The charity students maintain a good rank with these.”

From Hamilton College.—“The talents and scholarship of this class of young men are highly respectable, and their influence is by no means inconsiderable.”

From Middlebury College.—“Their influence is very salutary to the moral and religious interests of the college. Some of them rank among the very first scholars; as a body they would not suffer by comparison with their fellow students.”

From Yale College.—“We are again blessed with a revival of religion in our college. The influence of the charity students in producing this state of things (under

the divine blessings) have been very great. Indeed, what could we do without them. No one can speak on this subject but an officer of the College. Every year increases our conviction, that the Church would be amply repaid (doubly paid) for all their expense in supporting charity students, were the effect confined to the walls of the College—were every beneficiary to die the moment he leaves us."

From Dartmouth College.—"The general influence of our pious students on the College, no one can duly estimate who has not been connected with the College when such students were few, and also when they were numerous. In every view, I regard their influence as decidedly and materially salutary. There is not the least doubt, that the weight of talent and influence is in favour of the pious students; and to a degree which I did not imagine before an examination of the subject."

The following fact, which is gathered from all the letters, speaks volumes on this subject. In the lapse of eighteen months, there were revivals of religion in five colleges, in which more than one hundred and forty students were added to the churches; and within a few weeks, revivals have commenced in Dartmouth and Middlebury. Christians have been long praying that God would cast salt into these fountains. It is done, not by miracles, not without the use of means; It is done through the instrumentality of Christians, who have sought and found poor and pious young men, and sent them to the colleges, by fifties, to promote revivals of religion by their example, their conversation and prayers.

It is very desirable, in this place, to compare the religious state of the colleges now, with their religious state twenty years ago, before any systematic efforts were made for the education of pious young men.

In Bowdoin College, 23 are professors of religion. The gentleman who wrote the letters from there, recalls the time (we lament that we do not know how long since) when a solitary individual broke the deep silence with prayers.

In Yale College 97 are professors of religion, and 18 others hopefully pious.—When A. B. was a member of college, in 1812, there were 13 professors of religion, and the whole number of students was as great as it is now. When C. D. was a member of college, about 25 years ago, he was the only professor of religion. It is impossible to tell how much is to be attributed to the influence of charity students.

These young men, who sustain such a fair character, and are exerting such a salutary influence in the college, those fountains of sweet water or bitter, are poor—some of them are very poor. The official letter from Dartmouth has this expression in it: "As to their need of assistance, I can only say, we have some for whom my heart often aches." Another letter, equally entitled to credit, has this paragraph: "I gave some old clothes to one of the students.—He seemed as grateful as he could be. He said, 'I had expected to go away from my studies to keep school, but now it will not be necessary. I shall now get into the ministry one year sooner. This is too much. I don't think I ought to take them all. I am afraid I am taking them from some one more worthy.' He left the room under the influence of emotions too strong to allow him to say more."

Another student, who is one of the best scholars in his class, used the following language in conversation with his friend:—"My situation is sometimes more than I can bear. I am in debt thirty dollars already; and if I want a load of wood I do not know how to get it; or if I want a dozen candles I have no money to buy them. If I borrow another dollar, I don't know how I am to pay it. My mother, from whom I expected some little things, is now dead. My father has a great family of small children, and no property. It is almost too much. I bear it all well enough, when I am studying, for then my mind is on my books. But Saturday, in the afternoon, when I have nothing else to do, and after I go to bed at night—I try to bear up as well as I can. I know that God has brought me so far, but sometimes my faith staggers."

Another beneficiary performed a journey of nearly two hundred miles, on foot, and carried his clothes, and his books under his arm; and slept more than one night under cedar bushes, because he had no money to pay for his lodging. He had only fifty cents when he commenced his journey. After he entered college, he was complained of for being too extravagant in his dress. He heard of it, and wrote a letter to the person who thought so, in which he stated that all the clothes he had were old clothes, which gentlemen had given to him; that he had but two shirts, and one of them had but one sleeve in it; that he had but one sheet on his bed, and when that was washed he slept without any—that he had been laughed at for wearing his old shirt—and, what was worse, he had been laughed at for being too poor to buy another.

The following cheerful passage is extracted from a letter lately received from one of them, who writes in the same letter, that he intends to get along, if possible,

without asking more assistance. "You would laugh to see me go to bed about midnight. I sleep on a borrowed, broken bedstead. I have no bed, and so I sleep on the ticking. I have but one sheet, and that is a woollen sheet. I have a pillow, which is nothing more or less than my old great coat, and this pillow has no case."

Look not only at what these young men are, and at what their influence is, but also, at what they will probably be, in after life. A single one of whom may, and probably will, do more for the Church, than the Church is now doing for all of them. Is he a successful agent of a benevolent society—he may be worth ten thousand dollars a year, to the Church, in cash. Is he a successful Pastor—by winning souls to Christ, he may be worth to the Church, in one short life, a thousand worlds.

Nor is this fancy. Jay, a successful Minister in Europe, who is preaching in his writings on this western continent with a hundred tongues, was a charity student. Buchanan, who has opened the eyes of the world on the miseries of the East, was a charity student. And with one exception, all the American Missionaries, who are sapping the foundations of whole empires, where Satan's throne, for thirty years has stood secure, in one stage or another of their education, were charity students. See now, in what perishing need the world is of more such men. There are 600,000,000 of heathen on the earth. At this moment, there are 6000 ministers wanted to supply the destitute in these United States; and fifty years hence, if the population of this country increases as it has increased, and no special efforts are made to educate ministers, more than thirty millions of inhabitants in our own beloved country, will be destitute of preaching.

In this destitute world, where so many ministers are wanted, and there are so few,—no degree of usefulness is any security against death. In five years past, how heavily has the Great Destroyer laid his hand on the American Church. To say nothing of a large number of faithful missionaries, and pastors, whose record is on high, and who have gone to receive their reward. The presidents of four of our colleges,—where are they?—Dwight, Backus, Appleton, Brown? Where are Trumbull, Strong, West, Lathrop, Spring, Huntington, Warren, Mills, Worcester?

Ill health and old age deprive the Church of the labours of few less than death; and *apostacy* not only takes from her strength, but adds to the strength of her enemies.

Now, what is the situation of that society, so young, and so flourishing, neither sectarian nor local, which has for its object the education of young men, so poor, so useful, and so promising, who are wanted in this world to supply the destitute, and to take the places left vacant by the death of our fathers—what is the present situation of this Society?

Its receipts during six months of the last year, were only five hundred dollars more than during one month, two years ago. Its receipts the last year (saving one dying bequest—how portentous the fact!) were more than ten thousand dollars less than the year before. At the same time the number of beneficiaries was increased more than fifty. What was done? The allowance to each, before too small, was diminished one fourth; and for one half of this diminished allowance, they are required to give their notes. Even to make this diminished allowance, the Directors ordered their Treasurer to pay to their beneficiaries more than eight hundred dollars more than he had received. But these are not the deepest waters in which the Directors have found themselves. At the last quarterly meeting, when many of the young men were almost discouraged, by an appropriation so inadequate as the preceding, and at the idea of entering the ministry, embarrassed with debt; then it became necessary to diminish their diminished allowance again one fourth. The Directors were not to blame. All there was, and more than all, was given to them; the consequence has been, that some of the young men are almost discouraged. The health of one of them was not proof against such oppressive embarrassment, and he has taken a dismission from college, and abandoned all hopes of being able to resume his studies. What can be done? Let the ministers be made life members by females. The sum is only forty dollars. Let *education fields* be set aside by farmers. Let marriage fees be devoted to this object by ministers. Let each minister take one beneficiary, in the first stage of education, into his own family. Let Saturday afternoon be devoted to this object by pious mechanics. Let Sabbath fees be devoted to it by physicians. Let rich gentlemen and ladies each adopt a son, or become life members. Let each church support one. Let every man, when he makes his will, as he values the increase of those heavenly joys, which he hopes will soon be his, remember the *American Education Society*.

N. B. Aaron P. Cleveland, of Boston, is the Treasurer. \$40 constitutes a clergyman a life member. \$100 at any one time, any gentleman or lady. \$100 a year supports a beneficiary.

The Seaman's Magazine.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. — They cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. — *Psalms.*

NEW-YORK BETHEL UNION.

(CIRCULAR.)

New-York, October 5, 1821.

SIR,—It is our high privilege to live in an age when the friends of Christ begin to awake to a sense of their obligations; when they not only “expect great things,” but attempt to do something to promote the triumphs of the cross, and the extension of the Redeemer’s kingdom.

It is not among the least animating and encouraging signs of the times, that the so long neglected, but highly useful portion of our fellow citizens who “go down to the sea in ships,” have come up in remembrance, as the subjects of special prayer, at the Throne of Grace. No body of men, from the nature of their employment, are so well calculated to carry the glad tidings of salvation to distant lands, and to the isles of the sea, as christian seamen, and we are warranted from Scripture and reason in believing that they will have no small agency in hastening on that glorious day when “the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.”

It is therefore with great pleasure that we are enabled to announce to you the formation of the “New-York Bethel Union,” and that it is now in successful operation.

The society is composed of Episcopalian, Baptist, Dutch Reformed, Methodist and Presbyterian brethren, who with one heart and one hand have advanced to the work.

The object of the society is to extend to seamen the instructions of the Gospel—to persuade them to become reconciled to God, and generally to promote their temporal and spiritual welfare.

The means used are, *First*, the encouragement of secret and social prayer by a ship’s company while at sea—*Secondly*, the establishment of prayer meetings on board vessels in port—*Thirdly*, the distribution of Bibles, Reports of Societies, Tracts and other religious publications—*Fourthly*, the encouragement of Public Worship on the Sabbath, and persuading seamen to attend—*Fifthly*, a correspondence with the different ports in the U. S. and foreign nations to promote similar institutions—*Sixthly*, the circulation of the “Christian Herald and Seaman’s Magazine,” as a medium of religious intelligence relating particularly to the welfare of seamen.

Annexed is a copy of our constitution. We will attempt to give you an idea of the manner in which the meetings on board vessels are arranged and conducted.

The members of the Union are divided, or classed into five commit-

tees, one for each evening in the week, to which they are particularly assigned, except the Sabbath and Wednesday evenings, when service is attended in the Mariners' Church.

We have also a standing committee to provide vessels on board of which to hold the meetings. If a vessel is procured for Monday evening, notice thereof is given to the chairman of the Monday evening committee, whose duty it then is to cause the Bethel Flag to be hoisted at mast-head during the day—the signal-lantern at night; to notify his co-members—who may also invite such other friends as may be thought proper to assist in conducting the exercises of the evening.

When a vessel is procured for any other evening, like notice is given to the chairman whose duty it is to officiate for that particular day.

This experiment has proved successful beyond our expectations; seamen are willing and anxious to hear, and are the most attentive audiences we have ever seen.

Our meetings are held on deck, and are generally from an hour to an hour and a quarter long. They have been unusually solemn and interesting. *Short prayers and short addresses*, interspersed with the singing of a *few* verses, we have found best calculated to do good. Masters and seamen have almost invariably taken a part in the exercises.

What the effects of these meetings hitherto have been, will perhaps never be fully disclosed until the great day of final reckoning. Yet the Lord of the harvest has permitted us to witness several instances of convictions with anxious inquiries for the way of salvation, and we are not left without hope, that some few have actually passed from death unto life.

For a more particular statement of the proceedings of the society, and detail of the meetings on board of vessels, together with the success which has attended them, we would refer to the "Christian Herald and Seaman's Magazine," above mentioned, a periodical work published in this city, under the patronage of the "Society for promoting the Gospel among Seamen."

We may confidently hope that the time is not far distant, when the Bethel Flag will fly in every port in the world, inviting the wandering sailor to a place of prayer.

It is an object of immense importance to have the attention of the christian public immediately called up to this interesting subject: we have too long slumbered and slept.

We shall be happy at all times to confer with you relative to any measures for advancing this work, and to co-operate by our prayers and our labours in every attempt to promote the spiritual interests of this valuable class of men, remembering the exhortation of the apostle—"let us consider one another, to provoke unto love and to good works."

Very much remains to be done—every day opens a new door to active duty, and calls upon every christian to come up to the help of the Lord, and engage in his Master's service.

The success which crowns every attempt to promote the Redeemer's cause is full of encouragement, and should incite to double diligence. No time is to be lost. The night is far spent—the bright morning has just begun to dawn—and the day of the Lord is at hand.

By order of the Board,

DIVIE BETHUNE, President.

HORACE HOLDEN, Secretary.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I. This association shall be called the "New-York Bethel Union."

ART. II. The object of this association shall be to encourage and conduct prayer meetings among seamen on board of vessels, and to render assistance to the "Society for promoting the Gospel among Seamen."

ART. III. The business of the association shall be conducted by a President, Vice-President, Treasurer, one or more Secretaries, as the Board shall from time to time think necessary to appoint, and thirty-five Managers.

ART. IV. The Board shall meet once a quarter, in the months of January, April, July and October, and oftener if necessary, at the call of the President, Vice-President, or, in their absence, at the request of any three members.

ART. V. Every person subscribing to pay fifty cents annually, shall be a member, and the payment of five dollars, shall constitute a member for life.

ART. VI. The Board may at all times fill its vacancies until the annual meeting. At any regular meeting of the Board three members shall constitute a quorum.

ART. VII. The annual meeting of the society shall be held on the last Monday of December in every year, when the officers shall be elected.

OFFICERS.

DIVIE BETHUNE, Esq. *President.*

Capt. THOMAS CARPENTER, *Vice-President.*

Capt. CHRISTOPHER PRINCE, *Treasurer.*

HORACE HOLDEN, Esq. *Secretary.*

MANAGERS.

Leonard Bleecker; Garrit N. Bleecker; Capt. J. Bliss; Capt. Cole; Capt. Childs; Capt. Coit; William Cahoon; Capt. O. Conger; Wm. A. Cook; Gaius Fenn; Elijah Guion; Peter Hawes; Simeon Hyde; Capt. Saml. Holmes; Capt. Howard, Zabdiel Hyde; Capt. Halstead; Capt. Silas Holmes; Capt. John Justin; Eleazer Lord; Wm. Whitlock; Joseph Pettit; Thomas Roby; Eliakim Raymond; Joseph Smith; John Taylor; Jeremiah H. Taylor; Knowles Taylor; D. H. Wickham; Marcus Wilbur; Capt. Winslow; Capt. Asa Welden; Capt. Charles Wood; Oliver Wilcox.

JOURNAL OF THE MARINERS' CHURCH.

To the Editor of the Seaman's Magazine.

SIR—Knowing the interest you take in all the efforts that are made for the salvation of seamen, and your desire that God would make them instruments in carrying the Gospel throughout the world, I feel happy in informing you, in addition to what you have already received, of the

blessed effects produced by the Mariners' Church, and the Bethel Union Society. At the stated meeting in the Mariners' Church, on Wednesday evening, 29th August, the following note was read by the Rev. Mr. Chase:—"I earnestly request, that prayers be offered up to Almighty God, that he will have mercy on my soul." (Signed "Richard Welling.") Mr. C. being present, stated he had visited him; that he was a seaman, in great distress in body and mind. Some very appropriate remarks were made on the note, and fervent prayers were offered up in his behalf. Being requested to call and see him, I was accompanied by Mr. C—to his boarding house, where I was soon satisfied the Lord had begun a blessed work in his heart. "Where did you receive the first impressions that you are a lost and undone sinner?" "In this house," was his answer. "Do you go to the Mariners' Church?" "I do." "Do you believe you ever received any benefit by going there?" "Yes, I do; on the Wednesday evening week, I was at the prayer meeting there, and an address, made by an old man,* and the prayers offered up for seamen made me feel very solemn, but those feelings soon left me; but on Thursday and Friday I could not entirely forget them. On Friday evening last I was sitting below with my shipmates, and did not feel well: between eight and nine o'clock I was suddenly filled with horror about my soul—I could not sit where I was; I retired to a place alone, and the agony of my body for the concern of my soul was so great, the blood flew from my nose, and before it could be stopped, four quarts discharged from me, which made me very weak; and ever since, when I am in distress for my soul, it produces a discharge of blood. But I am now better: I can pray, which gives me some relief. But my prayers must be short." "Do you think, and believe your prayers are sincere?" "O Sir, I never had any thing that ever came from my heart with more sincerity. And I hope this sudden change in my heart will be followed with the same effects it had ten months ago on one of my shipmates while on our passage home to New-York. He was the profanest man I ever saw, and always treated religion with awful contempt; and his parents the same, because they were pious. One day, while we were all forward, and he was blaspheming in the greatest degree, which made us all look at him with astonishment, he on a sudden stopped, and said, 'O, what a sinner I am! I am fit for nothing but hell; I cannot live so; I must pray, and you must not disturb me.' He did pray three or four times every day all the passage home, and exhorted us all to do as he did, for we were all lost sinners; and he has not sworn one oath from that time to this. He has been here to see me, and he talks like a Christian, and I hope the Lord will deal with me as he has with him."

A captain H. received conviction of his sinful state in our Bethel meetings on board of vessels; and these convictions have now got to such a height that he is in great distress, and is anxious for the salvation of his soul.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

C. P.

To the Editor of the Seaman's Magazine.

SIR—I know you will join in rejoicing with me and many others in the goodness and mercy of the Lord among our seafaring brethren. He

* Rev. Joseph Eastburn, of Philadelphia.

has been convincing several, within the last fifteen days, "of sin, of righteousness, and a judgment to come." But yesterday, he permitted our eyes to see, and our ears to hear, that which was never seen nor heard in America, and perhaps in no part of the world before. As we have had morning and evening service only in the Mariners' Church for four or five Sundays past, we had a prayer meeting, commencing at two o'clock in the afternoon, and our intention was to continue one hour only. But yesterday week, and yesterday, we were under the necessity of continuing our exercises until 4 o'clock, on account of the number of seamen present, and the solemnity that pervaded every countenance. Yesterday, after praying, exhorting, singing, and reading some interesting communications, we dismissed the audience, and invited all such to stay who wished to converse on the subject of their precious and immortal souls. Seventeen returned and took their seats, with countenances that depicted great distress of mind. After having engaged in prayer we began to converse with them individually, and not one out of all present could refrain from weeping, and some were so distressed they could not be pacified—one in particular, who was convicted on board the brig *Phœbe Ann*, at our Bethel meeting last Friday evening. I cannot describe the scene which presented itself to our view. It was pleasing, solemn, and affecting, to see such a number of weatherbeaten men, from 20 to 40 years of age, weeping all around us, crying, "what shall I do—I am a lost sinner—I know I deserve hell—I have abused the goodness of God." The fear of hell did not seem to terrify them as much as their sinning against God in various ways. Some had promised God, when in danger, if He would spare their lives, they would live devoted to Him, and his holy religion; but they had despised those promises, and had been more wicked than before—their confessions were various, and mingled with grief and distress.

Yours, &c.

Oct. 1.

C. P.

JOURNAL OF THE BETHEL FLAG.

(Continued from p. 255.)

Friday, 24th August.—The Bethel Society held their meeting on board the ship *Benjamin*, captain Prince. At early candlelight the ship's deck was filled, and many assembled on the wharf, and the service was opened by a solemn address from the Rev. Mr. Eastburn. A hymn was sung, giving praise to our God for his goodness to the children of men. A prayer was then offered up to Almighty God for seamen universally—for the owners, captain, officers and crew, and for the safety of the ship while absent. As the ship was to sail early the next morning, the captain had his men all on board. It was pleasing to see one of the owners there, and other ship merchants in this city. Mr. Eastburn made an address to all present—the second time, it seemed to fill the audience with a great degree of silence and solemnity. Prayers and praises ended this delightful meeting.

Friday, 31.—The Bethel Flag was flying at the mast head of the brig *Levant*, captain Wood all day. We assembled in the evening, and commenced our solemn exercise. Many hundred were present. One or two intoxicated men prevented that silence for a few minutes which

we usually have, but we were not disturbed, and to all appearance every one present enjoyed our devotional meeting.

Friday, September 7.—This morning the Bethel Flag was hoisted on board the ship Alexander, captain Taylor, at pier No. 9, which drew the attention of many through the day. We began to assemble on board early in the evening. At half past 7 o'clock we opened the exercises by singing the Seaman's Hymn, in the *Christian Herald and Seaman's Magazine*, No. 184. Before we had ended the hymn the ship's decks were filled, and many were collected on the wharves. A prayer was then offered up to Almighty God. After which a brief communication was made of an extraordinary revival of religion in a little village not far from New-York, which contained 87 souls, 79 of which were made the subjects of the grace of God. The remainder of the time was devoted to prayers, and exhortations, and singing appropriate hymns. A solemn awe seemed to pervade the place where we were; all was as silent as a tomb; the Spirit of God was in our midst, which to all appearance took possession of every heart. Some were as solemn as death, and others were lifting their eyes to heaven, adoring and praising redeeming love; and in leaving the ship there was the same silence; not a word was heard; all walked off the wharf with slow and solemn steps. Much credit is due to Capt. Taylor and his officers, for their exertions to accommodate us, and their attention while we were on board.

Thursday, 13.—The Bethel Flag was flying this day at the mast-head of the ship Farrier, Capt. Collins, Pine-street wharf, inviting to a prayer meeting in the evening, which was accordingly held on board. It was a good meeting—many sailors were there. Three masters of vessels addressed them; two of them dwelt upon the effects of the late disastrous gale, and endeavoured to improve the occasion by earnestly entreating seamen to remember these awful providences, and seek an interest in Christ, which will alone prove "an anchor to the soul," in the hour of danger and death, "sure and steadfast."

All the exercises were interesting; and we believe many seamen and landsmen had occasion to say, "it is good to be here, indeed it is good to wait on the Lord."

Friday, 14.—Bethel meeting this evening at Coenties slip.

Tuesday, 18.—This evening the Bethel Union Prayer Meeting was held on board the brig Spartan, Capt. Chapman, one of the line of Packets, running between New-York and Mobile, lying near Coenties slip.

The assembly was addressed by Mr. Lathrop, a student of divinity, who was providentially present, in a solemn and impressive manner. Affectionate addresses were made by two brethren of the Association, one of whom was formerly a shipmaster.

The other exercises were suitable to the occasion. The meeting was more numerous than usual: not only was the deck of the brig filled, but the wharf, and the decks of several adjacent vessels contained numbers of seamen and others, who attended the exercises with solemnity.

At the close of the meeting, a seaman remained to converse with the Committee. He stated that during the evening he had been deeply impressed with a sense of his awful condition as a sinner, in a manner that he never before had felt. After a few minutes conversation, an appointment was made for him to call on one of the Committee the next

morning. A master of a vessel introduced himself to the Committee, as having but a few weeks before, as he humbly trusted, become savingly acquainted with Jesus Christ.

From all the occurrences of this evening, the Association have abundant reason "to bless God and take courage."

Friday, 21.—Capt. Hemmingway, of the New-Haven packet sloop Actress, gave the use of his vessel for a prayer meeting this evening. We learn that the meeting was interesting and solemn.*

Tuesday, 25.—Prayer meeting was this evening held on board the packet ship President, Capt. Allen, in the Charleston trade, lying near Coffee-House slip. Nothing peculiar occurred to distinguish this from the many interesting meetings held in the course of the summer. No pains were spared by the officers and crew to accommodate the meeting, which was numerous and solemn. The Association, as usual, were assisted in their exercises by masters of vessels, and others, who felt for immortal souls, and for the glory of the Redeemer's kingdom; and who, "knowing the terrors of the Lord, would persuade men."

Thursday, 27.—The ship Panthea, Capt. Jona. Eldridge, in the Liverpool trade, received the Bethel Flag to-day, and in the evening a meeting was held on deck. The Rev. Dr. Milnor delivered a short and appropriate address.*

For the Seaman's Magazine.

A HYMN FOR MARINERS.

WHY should a sailor's generous mind,
His heart, to others warm and kind,
Be thought to fail in love to HIM,
Who died that sailor to redeem?

Jesus the Saviour, Son of God,
Pour'd on the cross his precious blood,
To wash away man's guilty stain,
And bring him to his God again.

The seaman has as many cares
To call for faith's believing prayers,
As they who spend their lives on shore,
And never heard loud ocean's roar.

His soul, defil'd by loathsome sin,
Demands a stream to wash it clean;
That stream which flow'd from Jesus' side,
When, pierced for us, he bled and died.

And when the soul must hence remove,
Summon'd to hear her doom above,
Naked, she wants Christ's righteousness,
The dying sinner's heav'nly dress.

* We have not received the reports of these meetings.

The earth resigns, on judgment day,
Whate'er she holds of sleeping clay;
The sea must yield from all her waves,
The forms consign'd to wat'ry graves.

All must attend the dread record,
The hist'ries that their lives afford,
And trembling hear the law of God,
Demand its honours in their blood.

Oh for an advocate and friend,
That can the soul from death defend,
And change the sentence, through his name,
To heavenly life, and joy supreme.

If you would such a friend secure,
Love Jesus in life's precious hour;
If you on earth his name deny,
He'll leave your soul at last to die.

PHILO.

New-York, October 1, 1821.

The following texts of scripture will be found to confirm the doctrines contained in this hymn.

1st. Peter i. 18, 19, 3. 2nd Corinthians v. 10, 14, 15, 19, 20. John i. 29, Isaiah liii. Zechariah xiii. 1, 7, 9. Psalm cvii. 23 to 32. Philippians iii. 8, 9. Matthew xxii. 11, 12, 13. Revelations xx. 12, 13, 14. 1st. John ii. 1st. Revelations i. 5, 6, 7. John xi. 25, 26. Matthew x. 33.

SUMMARY.

The Presbytery of New-York will open their session on Monday next, in the Rev. Mr. Baldwin's church, in Willet-street. Sermon by the Rev. Samuel H. Cox.

The Female Union Society for the promotion of Sabbath Schools, held a semi-annual meeting in the Methodist church in John-st., on the 3d inst. Proceedings of the meeting in our next.

Great Osage Mission.—We have before us several letters from the Great Osage Mission, giving information of their safe arrival at the station, on the 2d of August, that they all enjoy good health, and have a flattering prospect of extensive usefulness among the children of the wilderness. We shall give extracts from these letters in our next.

The Rev. SAMUEL NOTT, Jun. has been appointed *Corresponding Secretary* of the NEW-YORK MARINE BIBLE SOCIETY, vice Rev. B. P. Aydelott, removed from the city.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"THE ORPHAN BOY;" "A TEACHER," and several other communications, are received.—The writer on the "manner of conducting funerals," will observe that the signature which he uses already occupies several places in our pages. He will please adopt another.

Many translations and articles of "Intelligence," prepared for this number, are unavoidably omitted.